

W^m Glegg
PASQUIN

PASQUINADED:

of OR A *Gayton*
COMMENT

On the late DIALOGUES of

PASQUIN *and* MARFORIO *on*
the P E A C E.

17 IN 49 —

A CONVERSATION between two celebrated
walking Female Statues here at London;
and inscribed to Lady T——d.

Men are but Children of a greater Growth.
DRYDEN.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. BROMAGE, at Temple-Bar, 1749.

(Price a *British* Six-Pence.)

PASQUIN AND MARBORIO

OR

THE PEACE

ON THE PEACE

OR

A

A

Men are the Children of a great God.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Broom, at the Sign of the Star, 1749.

(Price a Penny Six Pence)

TO
LADY T—D.

MADAM,

IN Imitation of the Author we comment upon, who chose the *wittiest* of our Peers for his *Protector*, we beg Leave to make choice of your Ladyship, as the *keenest* of our P——ses, for our *Protetrix*. Happy, if we have your Pardon for the Latitude; but happier far, if you approve of our Labours! We fear not so much your Disapprobation of our Plan, as of the Execution of it; and in this you will differ from *Pasquin's* Patron, who is said to have objected more to the Design of the *Work* than the *Workmanship*.

The Author of that Composition might have had some *latent* View, which his L——p's greater *Sagacity* may have ferretted out; but for us, who don't pretend to see into the Inside of a Mill-stone, we can perceive no Design he could have, except that which his L——p was supposed to have had before he *last* breathed the Air.

of the C——t; that is, *the Amendment of his Countrymen, and Happiness of his Country*. A glorious Design! which we profess to have had in View, in rescuing the Meaning of *Pasquin* from Obloquy, and exhibiting your Ladyship as a Pattern for the Imitation of our Women of Fashion, who seem to have no Meaning in their luxurious Excess and Extravagance. They dance, dress, game, and p——t, but with no View to the Good of their Country: And they titter and tattle too, but with no view to the Edification of the *Prostitutes* of either Sex.

But how differently are your Ladyship's more precious Hours employ'd? You embellish your Person, but to gain you the greater Attention of those *Male Prostitutes*, whom you would reclaim by the Poignancy of your Lessons. And that there are *Prostitutes*, even among our S——rs, who can doubt? But, perhaps, they may be so from the same *Principles*, and for the same *Reason*, which wrought upon your late lamented Friend to become one. Poor *Tom W——n*! had he been alive, how he would have mouthed in favour of a *Standing Army*, now that Peace is concluded, and of *Expence*, now we are *thirty Millions* more in debt? But your Ladyship and *Pasquin* take a quite different Method to save your Country; and we confess ourselves so in love with your Conduct in all Things, but *one*, that, like your Ladyship, we chose to set the Deformity of their *Prostitution* before the venal and corrupt, rather than indulge to their Vices and Folly, for the Sake of distant Prospects. There may have been a good Meaning

D E D I C A T I O N.

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in your favourite *Tom's* Scheme ; and probably it might answer in the main. But, as an Enemy to *Alteratives*, we chuse, like bold, skilful Graduates in Surgery, to cut up the *Tumour* at once.

Pasquin tells his *Patron*, that he *Tickles* and *Stings* in the same Breath ; but your Ladyship for our Money, who cuts clean away wherever you meet the Weeds of Affectation, Hypocrisy, or Corruption.

In your Manner then, Madam, as near as we are able to imitate so perfect a Model as your Ladyship, we have spoke Truth to the modern *Prostitutes* of our sinking Country. So you'll say *Pasquin* has done, with no other Advantage but being called a *Papist* and *Jacobite*. Unhappy Age! blinded People, who don't or won't discern your *true* from your *false* Friends! What has *Pasquin* said that was not true? But *Truth* is not palatable at all Times: Perhaps not; but 'tis not the less wholesome and necessary, because of the Patient's vicious Taste.

It won't, we think, be disputed that our *Males* are sunk in *Luxury* and *Corruption*, and that those hideous Vices threaten the Ruin of poor Old *England*. An Amendment, therefore, is of absolute Necessity; but who shall prescribe? Men won't, or, if they do, are unheeded, because of the little Attention paid by *Prostitutes* to *Prostitutes*, or, indeed, due from one venal

Wretch to another. But Women may meet with better Success: We are born to Empire, and have a Right, from Nature, to be heard: And we borrow a Claim too from our political *Purity*, since we defy the most envenom'd of the Creatures in B——es, to arraign us of *bri-
bing*, or being *bribed*. Heaven can attest for us, that if *England* must fall, it will not be by Female Hands, which are as *clean* as those of others are *dirty*.

How glorious will it be for your Ladyship, whom we allow for our Captain General, shou'd Female Efforts work the *Conversion* of our insensible *Masters*! How glorious to be the *Saviours* of our Country, and to save even those who are the Authors of all her Miseries! We confess to have had the *Ambition* of being *good for something* before our Eyes, in attempting the *Reformation* of our Countrymen. There is no securing Success, where the Disease has taken so deep Root. But this we dare say, that if our *English* Wives, Widows and Maids be *good for any thing*, they will read such *Lectures* to their Husbands, Sons, and Lovers, as shall rouse them to a Sense of the Duty owing to their Country, or shame them out of their *Prostitution*.

To you, Madam, whose Banners we fight under, be the chief Glory of so seasonable and necessary a Conquest. 'Tis honour enough for us to have the *Sanction* of a Name and T——ue, which makes even Courtiers tremble. In an Assurance that you won't refuse us that awful
Shield,

DEDICATION.

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Shield, we bid the Smarts and Critics, as well as
the Prudes and Coquettes, Defiance, and remain
your Ladyship's.

Humble Servants,

CHARLOT,

LUCK.

A 4

PASQUIN

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DEDICATION

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO THE
MEMORIES OF THE SOUTHERN SOLDIERS
AND SEAFARERS, AND TO THE
REMAINS OF THE SOUTHERN
NAVY.

THEY ARE THE

CHIEF OF

THE

REMAINS

OF

PASQUIN *Pasquinaded*, &c.

DIALOGUE I.

CHARLOT and LUCY.

CHARLOT.

LORD! my Dear, how you talk! I'm glad here are no Witnesſes of your Ignorance. Was ever Preface or Dedication wrote before the Book?

Lucy. I can't ſay poſitively which were Prior in the Contexture, but am very ſure that moſt of our modern Compoſitions, and this of *Pasquin* and *Marſorio* in particular, ſeem to be wrote for the Sake of the Dedications only; And if ſo, may we not conclude that theſe are older in date? How many Cart-loads of Books, ſmall and bulky, appear'd in *Walpole's* Days, with no other Meaning, and for no other Purpoſe, than to *dedicate* that lavish, vain Miniſter out of a Place or Penſion? I remember, in thoſe Days, a *Twelve-pennyworth* on the *Sublime*, wrote by one M——s of the C——e-h——e, of which
one

one full third was dedicatory to one the least acquainted with true Eloquence of any that ever appear'd on St. *Stephen's* oratorial Stage. And will any one persuade me, that the Scribe did not write his Book for the Sake of the *Dedication*, which, without doubt, must have been the first *conceiv'd*, and very probably the first *produced*? Lord C——f——d has a good Share of Wit, so has Lady T——d, whom we design for our Patroness.

Charl. But, *Lucy*, she wants his Lordship's Learning and Talents.

Lucy. So she does his *Bo——es*; but does she not equal, or even excel him in keen Satyr. Tell me not of a Man's *Talents* that are not properly applied.

Charl. There went a less guarded Shaft than I cou'd have expected from you, that had been so long of his Lordship's Parties.

Lucy. My Lord is an agreeable Woman's Man, I wou'd say, *Companion*; but I shew me where his *Talents* have been of Use to his Country? The *Dedication* to *Pasquin* indeed says, that his Lordship's Study has been directed to the Amendment of his Countrymen, and Happiness of his Country. A glorious Design! as the Dedicator has it, but which has succeeded no better than Lady T——d's constant railing at the different Vices and Vanities of Prudes, Coquettes, Fribbles, Rakes, Bishops and Ministers. His Lordship's Countrymen are still *unamended*, and his Country more *unhappy* than ever.

Charl.

Char. But had his Advice been follow'd——

Lucy. We should have had a bad Peace sooner. No, *Lucy*, had Lord C——f——d been steady to his Party, and continued an *Opposition* to weak and destructive Measures, we should have had no War with *France*, or it must have been better conducted. But by blowing hot and cold, being with and against the Minister; in short, by being a Courtier and no Courtier, he has well nigh ruin'd his Country, and is himself sunk as low as the Party he deserted.

Char. Unless my Lord cou'd work Impossibilities, he could no more draw with his Colleague, than a *Jennet* with a *Mule*.

Lucy. But you'll allow he might have foreseen the Impossibility, and attempt *driving* rather than *drawing* with a ministerial *Mule*, whom he could see bent on the ruin of his poor Country.——The Fact, I fear, is, that your Favourite had an Itch to be at the Head of Affairs, and thought if he cou'd once get into the Cabinet, he cou'd work his way to the Summit; where, if he had come, he must soon descend, or keep his Footing, like his *Foregoers*, at the expence of the *Fair one*, who appears in profile on our Copper Coin.——My Lord is not the first Man that has been *mistaken* by the Public, and had *mistook* himself. Had he staid in *I—d*, he might be said to be in his Province.

Char. But you wou'd have had him to have staid with his Party.——

Lucy. With whom he acquired all that Stock of Fame on which he subsisted ever since. But,
like

like Lady T——d, he has lost the *Esteem* of the Party that were vain of him, by the very *Member* with which he had acquired it.

Char. The *Tongue*, you mean. But how are his Lordship and her Ladyship's Cases similar?

Lucy. Was it not more Miss J——n's *Tongue* than her Beauty that got her a Husband; and was it not that very *Tongue* that has lost her his *Esteem*.

Char. I am not very clear in that, ha! ha! But 'tis not for one Woman to caluminate another.

Lucy. I wish, dear *Charlot*, you don't mistake the true Nature of *Calumny*, as you do that of *Merit*. If the Cause or Causes of one Woman's Sep——n be notorious and public, another may speak Truth of her, without being chargeable with Calumniating. In like manner, if a Man be cried up for a Species of *Merit*, to which he has no Title, 'tis the Province of *Truth* to strip him of the false Tinsel; 'tis that of *Friendship* to hold up the Faithful Mirrour of *Reflection*, for the Reformation of the Object of its *Esteem*. I can see many Excellencies in Lord C——f——d, but I can see Blemishes in your Brilliant. He may wish well to his Country, but I deny that of late he has gone the way to serve her. When I hear he employs his Talents, and the whole weight of his Interest, in publicly *exposing* and *opposing* weak, if not wicked, *Measures*, then shall he be as much my Favourite as ever. But if I hear he *absents* himself when a national Debate is expected, or *shirks*
out

out of the H——e in the Middle of one, I shall consign him over to Lord B——b's Punishment, to be neglected and despised.

Char. Indeed, my Dear, if I had not known thee intimately from your Infancy, I shou'd suspect you had been slighted by his Lordship in your greener Days,

Lucy. No, *Charlot*, I acquit my Lord of every lesser Species of Dishonour.

Charl. *Lesser Species!* ha, ha! his Lordship is infinitely in your Debt, who so charitably acquit him of *Larceny*, but charge him with Murder.

Lucy. Your Comparison is more trite and similar than, perhaps, you imagine. The *Mistakes* of Man, in his *private* Capacity, may be deem'd as *Larcenies* only, when *Errors*, in his *public*, may well pass for so many Murders. I shall be as glad as any she in *England*, as Lady A——n, or Lady F——y herself, that his Lordship's future Conduct, by its steadiness and Uniformity, wins me to think as well of him as I did before he suffer'd himself to be made the *Girouette* of a Court.—But here let us drop the *Protector* to pursue the *Protected*. We met purposely to unmask these old *Romans*, to uncase *Pasquin*, who shelters himself under the Shield of his Patron's Fame. Let us push him, *Charlot*, to try if we can't prove the *Protected* and *Protector* to be the same.

Char. Lud! dear *Lucy*, was ever such a thing heard of, as for one to dedicate to himself?

Lucy,

Lucy. Yes; there have been Creatures that have not only wrote to themselves, but call'd for themselves. But mistake me not, I no more suppose Lord C——f——d Author of either *Pasquin* and *Marforio*, or the *Dedication* to it, than of the *Apology for a late Resignation*, which, I am satisfied, my Lord never wrote, however he might have approved of the Matter and Plan of the Pamphlet, had he been apprised of both before the Book was sent to the Press.

Char. We shall soon see, in the *Examine* we are to make of *Pasquin*, if there be any Analogy 'twixt his Principles and my Lord's.

Lucy. Lord help thee, to talk of *Principles* in the Age we live in!

Char. This is just what *Pasquin* arraigns us of, when he says we have no Standard for either *Religion* or *Politics*. I thought we were met to expose the Caitiff; but I can perceive he has made one Convert already.

Lucy. Indeed, my Dear, you are mistaken; and to convince you, down with the Gauntlet, and I am the Championess to take it up. Let us begin with him, and lay him open to his last line; go on.

Char. First let us examine who they are we are to encounter.

Lucy. They are a couple of Marble, prating Coxcombs, that make Folks grin in that once Capital of the World. I have heard Lady
O—f—d

O—f—d say, that *Pasquin* was a headless Stump in one of the Quarters of the City; and that his Colleague, *Marforio*, less mutilated, resided more honourably in the *Capitol*.

Charl. What wou'd you think if we shou'd attack these frontless Foreigners in Character, that is, with their own Likeness? Suppose we should assail them with Blocks, equally thick-Scull'd and Shameless.

Lucy. My dear *Charlot*, attack them as we may; if they have spoke *Truth* of our Country, we shall be foil'd. But this shall be our Enquiry.

Char. Who make such Pretensions to *Truth* as our *Cits*? I have a couple of them in my Eye, that shall force the naked Nymph from *Pasquin* and his Chum.

Lucy. Who? B——n and B——b——d, a Couple as likely to pay her Tribute as any that delight in *Custard*, or sweat in *Fur*.

Char. But they walk below among the Crowd, while my Champions are rais'd to honourable *Niches*. Sir *Thomas*, from one Angle, and the Orator, Sir *J——n*, from the other, shall lay the *Romans* in Dust and Infamy.

Lucy. I have no Objection to the Former, having never heard any thing to his Disadvantage. He was a bold Adventurer, and a generous Benefactor; and I never heard that either he, or any of his *Family*, had any *Employment* or private *Pension* from the Crown.

Char.

Char. May not a Family enjoy both without being at Enmity with *Truth*?

Lucy. In Sir *Thomas Gresham's* Days they might, I believe; but in ours, *Charlot*, I fear *Truth* has none, or very slight, Acquaintance, with *Placemen* and *Pensioners*. I don't know that your *City Orator* has a *Pension*; but sure I am, he has long acted as if he had one, or was in *Expectation* of a snug Place. But we shall soon see him tried on the Touch-stone of *Virtue*, if it be true that he is too *open*, or at least *barangue* in Favour of the Restitution of *G——r*.

Char. Nay, if he be capable of prostituting his Talents to so vile a Purpose——

Lucy. You'll condemn him to foot it with the rest of his Brethren in Scarlet. Ha, ha!

Char. If his fellow *Cits* had not been as thoughtless as their younger, lowing Brethren of *Essex*, they would have seen the Man to the *End*, before they rais'd him up for Worship and Imitation.

Lucy. They would have lifted up his Garment to discover *Reynard's* Tail, brought into the World with him,

Char. Credulous Generation! I consign their *Orator* to Oblivion like his Patron *G——le*, who ne'er had a Friend or Follower, either in Power or out.

Lucy.

Lucy. Wretched Situation ! Yet there is one Peculiarity in G——e's Character, which, if not amiable, is at least not condemnable.

Char. That he paid no Court to *Virtue*, as his Associate, B——b, did ; nor pretended to be her Votary : An odd Kind of Heroism !

Lucy. But not unpractis'd by others. Was it ever suspected that G——e's O'erthrower had ever sacrificed to the *Goddeſs*, any more than the Vanquiſh'd ?

Char. I can't ſay much for the *Elder B——r*, who may be rather deem'd a *Bon D——ble* than a bad Man ; but the *Younger* bears a deſireable Character——

Lucy. And may deſerve it juſt as much as the *Younger* of the *Royal Brothers* in the *Royal Exchange*.

Char. *James II.* bating his Bigotiſm, was thought to be an honeſt Man.

Lucy. And his B——r, bating his Diſh——y, was an amiable Prince.

Char. He had Wit and Humour ; what if we ſet him looſe at *Pasquin*——

Lucy. And his leſs facetious, *uprear'd* Brother, at the graver *Marſorio*. No, *Charlot* ; unleſs you would wiſh to hear the *Infallibility* maintained by one, and all *Religion* ridiculed by the other, you muſt look out for other Champions.—What would you think of the *Grass-*
B
hopper

hopper o'er the busy, useful Crowd, and the *Dragon* at *Bow's*? As they are *unpensioned* and *unplaced*, you may be sure they will be *impartial*—

Char. But *untractable*; and unless they be as pliant as *Woodbine*, and fawning as *Pointers*, they will answer my Purpose as little as they would that of *Ministers*. The R——l *Block* that tramples on the Church near B——ry, shall better answer our Views.

Lucy. But how to match him that rises so much higher than any Statue we have?

Char. Oh, very easily; 'tis but supposing that of his *wife* G—— to be set up on the Ball o'er the Monument.

Lucy. I am rather for trusting my Cause to *Horsemen*; they can skirmish more nimbly, and with greater Advantage; and in case of a Defeat, are got sooner out of the Enemy's Reach. You shall chuse the gilded Monarch in L——r Square, I'll take up with the hapless Prince at *Charing Cross*.

Char. The Match would be unequal; your Champion might speak to be understood, tho' he lost his Head, while mine might sputter his Heart out in *High Dutch*, without being intelligible to an *English* Audience.

Lucy. Suppose we clap Pillions behind them, and lift up the two *Bæotian* Heroines, that have lately made so free with all their Acquaintance, as bought not off the *Gall* of their Pens.

Char.

Char. Ah! name not the P——tes, who glory in their Infamy, and endeavour stamping Dishonour on their whole Sex. I wonder the Public would encourage so infamous a Pair. Where can be the Satisfaction of reading Works that are grossly flat and inlipid, but where they are larded with Obscenity, or chequer'd with secret History, reflecting on the innocent and virtuous? Fough! *Pbi—ps* and *P—g—n!* the Scandal of their Sex and Country! No, *Lucy*; if we must have walking Champions, take you the Hero of the *Haymarket*.——

Lucy. And I that of *Exeter-'change*. Ha, ha! no, thank you; I am too fond of my *Sloes*, to trust them to a Night-errant Q——k. Give me the C——e-M——t Orator; I'll answer he is not less learned, or *modest*.

Char. My dear *Lucy*, what a *triumvirate* are here encourag'd; one to laugh at *Religion*, a second to mock *natural Defects*, and a third to debase *Science* and *Art*?——Well may *Pasquin* have said, that we *English* are sunk below the other Nations of *Europe*.

Lucy. If he bring no better Proof of our Degeneracy than this you deduce, we shall soon take him down without the Aid of either Marble or *Brass*, except what you may have borrow'd of your tall, *slim* favourite Declaimer, ha, ha!

Char. He, indeed, has enough to spare; and did he abound in Wit and Humour as in the *Corinthian*, would be our best Champion to encounter *Pasquin*.

Lucy. If two *English* Tongue-pads do not the Urchin's Work, we shall merit the Fate of *Lot's* Rib.—Come, *Charlot*, begin with his Night-cap.—But, now I think on't, Lady *Roundabout's* Drum is to Night ; and you know she is no Body without your humble Servant. Adieu, then, my Dear, till To-morrow's Sunshine, or our Morning Coffee and Muffins.

D I A L O G U E II.

- C H A R.

COME, my Championess, couch your Grey-goose Spear, and begin the Attack.—They set out with a Fib, I am sure, by saying we have an *Inquisition* here in *England*. Lord help them ! did they know the Contempt our Clergy are held in, and how our State Reformers had pared their spiritual Horns, they would never have thought us awed by any *Inquisition*, except that of our penal Laws.—

Lucy. Which, like our *Iniquities*, are grown o'er our Heads.—

Char. To verify what *Pasquin* says facetiously, that the *Freest of the Free are the greatest Slaves*, ha, ha ! What think you of his next Absurdity, his two-edged Sword, as he calls his *Infallibility* ?

Lucy. As I do of his *golden Calf*, which, he says, we *English* bow'd to ever since we drave our *Moses* from his Office. The first shews him

to be an honest *Whig*, the next, that he is a Spendthrift.

Char. Bless us, *Lucy*, whither would you ramble? *Pasquin* a *Whig* for supporting *Infallibility*, and a *Spendthrift* for arraigning us of adoring *Gold*!

Lucy. *Charlot*, my Dear, thou art a mere Dab-chick in the Mysteries of the Pen. Your deep Learn'd neither speak nor write to be understood by the Vulgar. See you not how widely our senatorial *Orators* walk from their Professions. *Pasquin* knew full well there was no *Infallibility* on Earth but in a *British* Parliament, which can do and undo, K——g and unk——g, loosen or tie, or do any thing, except altering Sexes.

Char. The very Thing to be wish'd in their Power.—How pleas'd shou'd I be to see the Sp——r and Lord C——r settling the Debates of both Houses, with big Bellies.

Lucy. And our good Lords, the B——ps, giving Suck to the Sons of *Dissenters*, ha, ha!

Char. And our *Non Cons* applying to Sir R——d M——m for Relief, ha, ha!

Lucy. How glad should I be to see our *Fribbles* gnawing Chalk and Cinders.—

Char. And our *Prudes* and *Coquets* turn'd to brothel Bullies and cynick Philosophers, ha, ha!

Lucy. And was all this to happen, would it be any more than one sees every Day?

Char. How, *Lucy*; do we see Men chang'd into Women, and Women into Men?

Lucy. Yes, in all Things but Attire. Are not our *drum* and *route* Huntresses become forward, loud *Masculines*, and our curl'd *Fribbles* become mere painted, lack-learn'd Femines?

Char. But all this while we forgot the Business of the Day.—You have not satisfied me why *Pasquin* was a *Whig* for believing *Infallibility*.

Lucy. Because all who believe the *Infallibility* of P——ts are *Whigs*.

Char. For the same Reason, I suppose, that all who dispute it are *Tories*, or, in other Words, *Jacobites*.

Lucy. I take the Dispute between them to be pretty near that which the *Romish* Divines are said to hold about the *Infallibility* of their Church. Some hold it to be in the *Pope* personally, as filling St. *Peter's* Chair; others, in the *Pope* and his ordinary Council; but they all agree that it is in the Pontiff and a general Council lawfully conven'd.

Char. Lawfully conven'd! there again is room for Cavil till the End of Time.—But to return to *Pasquin*, how shall we punish him for refusing us the Epithets *Brave*, *Wise*, and *Just*.

Lucy.

Lucy. By knocking out his Brains with the Bludgeon of *Disaffection*, halloo the Mob at him, call him *Jesuit* and *Jacobite*, and you do his Work without Argument or Disputation.—
An impudent Varlet! to question the *Bravery* or *Wisdom* of a People that had so exuberantly dealt out their *Persons* and *Guineas* on the Continent in the Memory of Man! and as for their *Justice*, there are Crowds can vouch for them.—

Char. Among the Sufferers by the *South-Sea Scheme*, the *Charitable Corporation Scheme*, and——

Lucy. Nay, stop not short here when you have so long a Journey to go.—You may deduce Proofs from the *Justice* of the *York-building Company*, the *East-India Bank*, *Mercers*, and, in short, from all our Corporations or Companies; and from one great and august Company more than all the rest. Where the *Fountain* is clear, the Stream issuing from it must necessarily be so.

Char. That being true, all that *Pasquin* says of Senators *giving* but to *receive* is impertinent Quibble. But I don't so well know what he means by two hard *Names* which follow.

Lucy. *Sybaritæ* and *Crotoniatæ*; the first, to be sure, are such as answer to the *ministerial Whistle*.——

Char. And enslave Posterity to feed their own Luxury. By the *Crotoniatæ*, I suppose, are meant those *M——rs* who take Advantage of the Weakness of the *Voluptuous*. Just after

ter this, *Pasquin* insinuates that we are rushing into *Poverty* and *Subjection*; and, forsooth, for *Conscience*, ha, ha!

Lucy. What are not these *Tories* or *Jacobites* capable of? They have the *Effrontery* of the D——l.——

Char. Or of the *French* or *Irish*, who dare deny that we are *richer* and *freer* than ever? Our *publick Debts* are our *Mexican* and *Peruvian Mines*, and the *Volumes* of our *penal Laws* are our *Magna-Charta*——See what a *Scholar* I am, my *Dear*, since I have permitted our *Chaplain* to stay *Coffee* after *Dinner*, ha, ha!

Lucy. Does he not stay to cut in at *Whisk* too, when my *Lord's* in waiting? ha, ha!

Char. *Censorious Wretch!* fough! a *Fellow* in *Petticoats* for a *Gallant* of all *Men*!—What a *Taste* was there for one of your *Rank*! o' my *Conscience* you don't deserve your *Pin-Money*.

Lucy. Not if I make no better use of it than *Mrs. ———*, who pursues her ill *Luck* at *Cards* at the *Expence* of her *Honour* and *Understand-*
ing.

Char. *Pshaw!* why mayn't a plain *Woman* in *Years* be allow'd to *Mortgage* her *Honour* if she pleases,——without being so much the *Subject* of *Censure*?

Lucy. *Nay*, if her *Creditors* of *Honour* stop at *Censure* only, she comes off well,

Char,

Char. What more could they to a married Woman?

Lucy. Apply to the Husband.

Char. Husband! ha, ha! a pretty Creature to be afraid of. I warrant now, you wou'd sooner Mortgage your conjugal Purity, than have your Lord apply'd to for a Play Debt.

Lucy. No, *Charlot*; if I did not love my Lord as warmly as I do, I love myself too tenderly to wrong him. If I had the Misfortune to] indulge a false Passion for *Cards* beyond my Ability, I should certainly apply to my Lord for Relief,

Char. And by such an Application lay yourself under an Obligation to one you despised.—

Lucy. Lud, Child! whither wou'dst thou roam? I despise my Husband!

Char. Did I say you do? May'nt the Cap fit others, tho' your Head be too little for't.

Lucy. What fufs is here about *Cards*, *Husbands*, and *Debts of Honour*, things quite foreign to our present Purposes.—*Pasquin* is our Mark, and at him alone ought we to aim all the Artillery of our little Wits. We are come down to his Fable of the *Horse*, that lost his *Freedom* by calling *Man* to his Aid to be revenged of the *Stag*. I wish the Application had not been so apt; but what shall we do with those *Latin Verses* which follow?

Char.

Char. Do with them! as the M——y do with the *Complaints* of the People; *despise*, or not pretend to understand them.

Lucy. In the next Page (21) the Printer has saved us a World of Trouble, by not daring to print the *Latin Ode* Characterizing two Heroes of different Complexions. One, he says, was a *Cherub*, the other a——, No-body knows what, whether a Saint or a D——l.

Char. I don't know any part of the Work so adroit as this—I have heard of cutting with a Feather; but here the Author cuts, and to the quick, with a Weapon not visible.

Lucy. As he does in the foregoing Page, (20) where he sets before us invisibly, what he calls our Misconduct for *sixty Years* past.

Char. I think he is no where tighter upon us, than on the annual Commemoration of the Murder of *Charles I*——

Lucy. Than which I know of no national Farce more ridiculous. The Thing was silly in the Institution, but superlatively so, since the *Martyr's* line has been proscribed. I hate the Figure of a *Janus*, wishing that Men wou'd act consistently. For this Reason, I detest the *French K—g* for his *double dealing*. What do you call him, who was doom'd to roll a Stone up a Hill for ever. Such I would have the Fate of all those r—— F———ls that break their Words, or are led by the Nose by the base and corrupt.

Char.

Char. Whom of the K——gs of *Europe* is an Exception, except that of *P——a*?

Lucy. Whom indeed? And yet these Idols we all bow to.

Char. No; if you believe *Pasquin*, we bow lower to *Gold*.

Lucy. And was it otherwise, wou'd the two B——rs have been allow'd to lord it, as they do o're the P——e and People?

Char. How can you wonder at their Influence after having read the late *Pamphlet* on their *Conduct*? There, you find them raised above all our Statesmen since the Conquest.

Lucy. Yet, *Charlot*, who could have thought his G——e of such Depth and Sagacity.

Char. The B——rs were but B—g—ke's *Puppets*, who were set in Motion from behind the Curtain,

Lucy. I know not whose *Puppets* they were; but sure I am, they have done more *good* and *harm* than any M——l *Puppets* we have had for some Ages past.

Char. I can easily collect the *Ills* imputable to their A——n; but for the *Good*, let *L——l——n* and *P——t* exhibit it at *St. Stephens*.

Lucy. Have they not given us a Peace?

Char.

Char. Yes; and they have taken *Cape Breton* from us, and given *France* Hostages for our Honesty.

Lucy. A mistake. They have only found a new Way of sending our young Nobles to learn the *politesse* Alamode, at the public Expence.

Char. You see a late *Improvement* of the Scheme in the Person of the young *E——y* just set out for the *F——b C——t*.

Lucy. The politics of our Country seem of late to be totally reversed. *F——ls* are made *M——rs* at home, and Children are sent *M——rs* abroad. How alter'd and chang'd are our Maxims!—But see, *Charlot*, Lady *Ramble* is stopt at the Door, to take us up to see *Coriolanus*, that *Friend* and *Enemy* to his Country.

Char. He was the Friend and Defender of his Country, before the Prejudice of Party, and public Ingratitude, drove him from it. But how have your present *Doers* of more *Evil* than *Good*, been provoked to give up the Interest of their Country by the late Treaty?

Lucy. I see you believe *Pasquin*, more than the Addresses of both *H——es*.

Char. I admit of no *Infallibility*, therefore believe my own *Senses* before either *P——t* or Convocation.

Lucy. Where else shall we lodge our Belief?

Char.

Char. Not in the Adorers of the *Golden Idol*——

Lucy. Nor in the *Universities*——

Char. Where you might have learnt to distinguish the *Singular* from the *Plural* Number.

Lucy. I forgot that your favourite Baronet was bred at *Oxford*! ha, ha!

Char. I wish it had been remember'd, that the *Revolution* was principally owing to the noble Stand made by the learned Body of that ancient Seat of Literature.

Lucy. My Dear, let us remember that the Lady at the Door waits for us. We will unveil the arch *Roman* at our next Meeting.

D I A L O G U E III.

L U C Y.

SEE, dear *Charlot*, how the noseless *Elf* sets out, in the second Dialogue, with a *Ridicule* on the State of *Liberty* here in *England*. —How he sneers at our fancying ourselves *Brave*, *Wise*, and *Just*.

Char. *Sancho Pancha*, you may remember, fancied himself a Duke——

Lucy. And was one as much as our *Patriots* are inamour'd with the *Public*, that *Bubble*,
which

which *Pasquin* says, our different Parties blow thro' the Tube of *private self-interest* as Occasion offers.

Lucy. *Patriots!* Ha! ha! I wish *Pasquin* had analyzed one, that we might know what a *Patriot* is made of.

Char. He has, I think, when he says, that the whole *System* of our G——t is supported by *Corruption*; but to help him out, I tell you, that a *Patriot* is a Chymical Preparation extracted from *Ambition* and *Self-Interest*; the chief Minister for the time being is always the *Chimist*, and the Court the *Laboratory*.

Lucy. Is he not engender'd rather——

Charl. Between *Impudence* and *Deceit*, as *Pasquin* says the *Peace* is between a *Sutterkin* and a *Beetle*? Ha, ha!

Lucy. I can readily perceive, who is meant by the *Beetle*; but am at a Loss for the Application of the *Sutterkin*, even did I know what sort of Creature it be.

Char. One's self must be a *Beetle*, not to see that all our M——rs are such; and as for the *Sutterkin*, ask any of our M——rs, that are bless'd with a *Dutch Frow*, whether it be Straight or Crooked?

Lucy. But to pursue the *Roman* Censor; he says *we scorn to take Example*—Lud! here again stands his *Latin* in our Way. An old Fool, to be stuffing his Work with a Language one don't understand!

Charl.

Char. Did you ever know a Scholar that was not an Ass? Nay, when many of them are got together, you see, they are not the Wiser.

Lucy. One would think so by a late clubbed Performance, which was directed where the learn'd Oafs might be sure it wou'd not be relish'd.

Char. Not before a Purgation at least.

Lucy. And such they are like to have soon, where least it might be expected.

Char. I wonder you wou'd think so, who have seen so many instances of the Influence and Sagacity of our M——l Beetles.

Lucy. They may chance burn their Fingers by attempting any Invasion on Spirituality.

Char. I see, if you are not Priest ridden, that your Favourite Chaplain has given your mind an unfashionable bias for Church and Churchmen—
Fy, *Lucy!* a Woman of your Quality make Pretensions to Religion, in this polite Age!

Lucy. I confess I have some, tho' I can't say that I am as far gone as Lady A——y, who is become so excessively Over-righteous.

Char. When she is past being otherwise——
O, I am greatly in Love with that convenient Spirit of Devotion, which seizes some Ladies immoderately, after a long Course of gay Pleasures, and when one loses all hopes of being admired.

Lucy.

Lucy. Not unlike what *Pasquin* insinuates of that dear Princess, *Queen Ann*, whom, he says, to have had good Intentions *too late*. In no where more than here, does *Pasquin* expose the Cloven Foot.

Char. Lud ! how Squeamish are some People grown of late ! an Author can't tell *Truth* of Men and Measures, but presently he is cry'd down for a *Jacobite*; and if he speak of *Irreligion*, and paint *Churchmen* in proper Colours, he must be a *Papist*.——*Queen Ann*, he says, was not without her Faults. And, pray, who ever thought she was ? If all who think that Princess, good as she was, not to have been *perfect*, are to be deem'd *Jacobites*, Lord have Mercy on us ! Thus unjustly have I seen worthy Men arraign'd of Disaffection, or *Jacobitism*, for having refus'd a Health to the glorious and immortal Memory of a Prince, dead half a Century before.——Monstrous Incongruity, the product of a Country as fam'd for Sons as over-righteous in Politics, as our *Methodists* are in Religion.

Lucy. The Dear Joys ! I expect to hear soon that some fruitful *Hibernian* Brain will propose canonizing that very glorious and immortal.——I honour the Memory of K——W—— as much as any *Teague* living ; but can't bring myself to the paying him an Adoration due only to the King of Kings.

Char. If *Pasquin* may be believ'd, we have got little more by either him or *Queen Ann*, his immediate Successor, than a national Debt of fifty Millions.

Lucy.

Lucy. To which their Successors have found the Secret of adding *thirty Millions* more. I can't say but we are more superlatively blest'd in our *Rulers*, than all other Nations, if our Happiness be measur'd by our Debts.

Char. And that the Blessing may be permanent, *Pasquin* tells you, that it is intended your Debts shall never lessen.

Lucy. Tho' I can't agree with his Refinement about *Gibraltar*, I fear he speaks Truth in regard to the Debts: And should it be one of the stated *Maxims* of our *Cabinet*, that our Debts shall be as *Pledges* for our *Obedience*, I give up old *England* for undone. Already have the *French* the Start of us in Trade, as they can work cheaper than we; what must become of us, if the Taxes upon our Industry increase, as they must, to discharge the Interest of the mighty Debt, and defray the necessary Expence of the Government? In such case *War* wou'd be more eligible than *Peace*, as during the latter, our Rivals cannot be interrupted by any Superiority we might have over them at Sea.

Char. Ha, ha! dear *Lucy*, pardon me; I can't, for my Life, help it.—Bless us! how comes it that you are so very learn'd about our Debts and Trade.—But, cry Mercy! I forgot that your —— is a L——d of Trade. Ha, ha!

Lucy. Is not Trade the Business of all who wish well to *England*? What should we be without Trade?

C

Char.

Char. And yet most People are as indifferent about it as about *Liberty*, without which even Life would be a Burden. See you not how the first is annually clogg'd by P——ts, and how our professing *Patriots* yield up the Latter when ever M——s bid up to their Price? So excessively *complying* are our *Leaders* of Parties, that I dare say we shall see *Gibraltar* restor'd to *Spain* without a Division, if the All-potent pair of B——rs but tip the Wink to the Orators at St. S——ns.

Lucy. A gentle Squeeze of the Hand may better answer the B——rs Purpose. Ha, ha! you know that M——rs are Adepts in *Palmistry*; nor can you forget that the powerful Pair had been bred under the able Professor——.

Char. Whom they had most gratefully contrived to move from the *Cabinet* for the Sake of his Health. Ha, ha!

Lucy. So they don't move us out of *Gibraltar*, I forgive their moving the Instrument of all our Woes from the Helm.

Char. Has *Walpole* done more Mischief than his Successors.

Lucy. No; nor so much: But as he had set the Example, and, as it were, reduced M——l Corruption to a Science, I hold him the most criminal.——Ah, dear *Charlot*! what will become of us if this Trade of Corruption go on?

Char. Become, as *Pasquin* says, Hewers of Wood and Drawers of Water to our Lords and Masters,

Masters, the M——rs and C——rs.—What will become of your favourite *Trade* should a secret *Treaty*, said to be on the Anvil, expose us to the Mercy of the House of *Bourbon*?

Lucy. I can't excuse *Pasquin* his Argument for giving up that inestimable Fortrefs.

Char. Lord, my dear! can't you perceive the Drift of the Author to be to alarm his Countrymen, with regard to a Negociation that may be on foot for parting with *Gibraltar*? His Refinement in regard to *Lewis XIV.* is a plain Proof that he did not intend that he should be believed. We must therefore follow herein *Pasquin's* own Advice on another Occasion, understand him backward, as Witches are said to read their Prayers.

Lucy. Shou'd we understand him thus in all his Encomiums on the ——ts, and particularly on the Youth whom he calls the R——l Wanderer, we might be call'd Unbelievers, but not Jacobites.

Char. What a jealous World do we live in! If one does not believe with the *sapping* Doctor, that all *Miracles* ceased with the *Apostles*, and their immediate Successors, he is a *Papist*; and if you don't applaud *Lewis XV.* for his Ingratitude to the S——ts, and particularly his Breach of Promise and Hospitality to the manacled Youth, you are a *Jacobite*.

Lucy. Let the Court Sycophants call me what they will, they shall never frighten me from applauding *Virtue* and condemning *Vice*, whenever

either becomes the Subject of Discourse. Doctor M——n's smooth Style shall never reason me into a more favourable Opinion of *Deism* than *Christianity*; nor shall the pretended Friendship of *Lewis XV.* to our present royal Family, induce me to think better of him than he deserves. Had we any true Notions of Religion and Honour, the first wou'd have been p——d before now, and the latter publicly lampoon'd.—— But, dear *Charlot!* our Misfortune is, according to our Author, "That our People see but thro' the Glass of *Corruption*, which reflects Objects but as the C——t directs." We are so immersed in *Luxury* on one hand, and *Irreligion* on the other, that unless the all-directing Hand leads us soon from impending Ruin——

Charl. We shall starve first, and then miss the Road to *Elysium*. Ha, ha! I fear, dear *Lucy*, thou art far gone in *Over-righteousness*. Evil Communication.—I never lik'd your Summer constant Jants to *Chelsea* and *Cheshwick*; nor the frequent Visits of a certain *Over-righteous* C——l, who is thought to have wean'd his *Sister* from the establish'd C——h, tho' not from her too intense Love of M——y.

Lucy. Who is censorious now, *Charlot?* Is not this Suspicion an unfriendly *Inquisition*, in which an old Comrade's *Faith* is not only censured but condemn'd, unheard?

Char. Ha, ha!—Nay, if you be grave I have done. I thought an old Comrade might take Liberties.—But—

Lucy.

Lucy. To let you see I have not a Scruple of the Prude or Saint in me, you shall call me *Methodist*, or any thing but a modern C——t *Whig*. I despise all who affect retaining the Appellation, but act on a quite different Principle.

Charl. Such is the Art of modern *Patriots*, to wear the Mask of *Whiggism*, in order to cover the most slavish Doctrines of *Toryism*,

Lucy. And the People are such Tools as to look no farther than the outward Garment, which, if they wou'd lift up, they might soon perceive the cloven Foot of *abject Passiveness*. Fough! a modern *Whig* stinks in the Nostrils of every wise and honest Man,

Char. Is not this establishing an *Inquisition* on Men's political Principles? What more cou'd a *Spaniard* do to confine religious Principles? Know you not that *private Judgment* is the peculiar Privilege of Men?

Lucy. I know it ought, and wish it had been the Privilege of Women. Ha, ha! then, *Charlotte*, might we lord it o're those who pretend to be our present Lords.—Ah! that ugly Word *obey*, which was like to have choak'd me.—Dear Child, you can't conceive how sore my Throat was from the Struggle, for all the Honey-Moon.

Char. Ha, ha! poor *Lucy*! but ever since you found a Cordial in your own *Stomach*, which gave you ease.—

Lucy. And *Pain* to my Husband. Ha, ha!
 —My Dear, without that *Stomach*, what
 shou'd we poor married Wretches do!

Charl. And what is that precious useful *Stomach*, but *private Judgment*, which you refuse to modern *Whigs*, and which *Pasquin* charges on the *Reformation*, for which the Author has unjustly, in my mind, been charg'd with *Popery*. —For my Part, I would not marry that I might not be controll'd, and I remain a *Protestant* for the same Reason. But was I to alter my Condition, I shou'd *obey* implicitly, because I promise so to do; and was I a *Papist*, I should certainly subscribe to *Infallibility*, because there can be no *Medium* between that and *private Judgment*. And for this Reason I cannot but own myself an utter Enemy to the senseless Arrogancy of such of our Clergy as form Pretensions to spiritual coercive Power.—No, no; give me *Liberty*, dear, sweet *Liberty*. Let me have it in *Spirituals*, as well as in *Temporals*; and the nominal *Whig* that shou'd attempt stripping me of the latter, wou'd be as hateful to me, as the Person that shou'd assume any Power o'er my Conscience. Therefore, I say with *Pasquin*, “That
 “ *private Judgment* is the proper and true Basis,
 “ on which the glorious *Reformation* rests.”

Lucy. Which, I suppose, his hard Word means.—What d'ye call it; *Pyr*—*pyrrho*—

Char. *Pyrrhonism*, which my *Bailey* says, is *doubting*.—And, pray, who does not *doubt*?

Lucy.

Lucy. I am sure I do, of the *Probity* of M---rs.

Cbar. And I, of the *Piety* of Parsons ———
and the *Obedience* of Wives, Ha, ha!

Lucy. I was going to say a spiteful Thing.

Cbar. Out with it, my Dear; that *Liberty* I wou'd enjoy myself, I willingly allow it to others. I suppose you wou'd have said, that you *doubted* of the *Chastity* of old Maids. Ha, ha! — Be it so. — Our leading *Apes* in H---ll is Punishment enough, one wou'd think, without having any inflicted in this Life. But to let you see I am good for something else, besides leading silly *Apes*, if you will give me your Company to the Masquerade to Night, you shall see what a Dance I will lead all the Fribbles there, who never fail panting and adoring my Size, Shape, and Air. — When the Wrinkles in the Face are cover'd, like the *Corruption* of our modern *Whigs*. Ha, ha! 'tis time we part in order to dress. I will dine with you To-morrow to finish our Dissection of the chattering Couple.

DIALOGUE IV.

LUCY.

I SHALL ever love my dear *Charlot*, for the Lecture you read my Lord at the Masquerade. I could perceive him nettled when you

touch'd upon his Intrigue with Lady A——.
——Base Man!

Char. Baser Woman! you might say, to intrigue with the Husband of her Friend.

Lucy. With the B——r of her H——d.
——What won't Woman do when once she exceeds the Bounds of her Duty?

Char. Her Ladyship is now in a fair Way of having all her own Arts turn'd upon herself.
——Mr. J—— is no Novice.——

Lucy. Not at Cards and Dice. Oh! that witty Lord, who said *that Cards and Brimstone made a good Match*. Ha, ha! was ever any thing more severe and applicable?

Char. Spight, *Lucy*; I thought you above Resentment to one so much below you in Fame and Beauty.

Lucy. Ah, *Charlot*! you are not married, or you would feel more sensibly my Wrongs.—— But let me forget all that breaks in upon my Quiet.——Where did we leave off our examine of *Pasquin* and *Marforio*?

Char. Where *Marforio* laments “ the Scandal arising from Christians hating and persecuting one another for not being *able to think alike*.”

Lucy. Was ever any thing more absurd and unnatural? Yet this is the Author that is charg'd with *Popery*.——

Char.

Char. And with *Jacobitism*, for saying that *France* owes the Peace to the *Youth* whom she has lately hand-cuff'd.

Lucy. Nay, *Pasquin* goes further a long Stride, when he says, that the House of *Bourbon* owes *Spain* and the *Indies* to the exiled Family.

Char. A mighty Boon, which, however great, falls short of our Obligations to the S——s.

Lucy. Obligations, *Charlot!*

Char. Yes, my Deear. Do we not owe to them all the Blessings of the present Times?

Lucy. Oh, yes! our Debts, Taxes, penal Laws, Corruption, Irreligion, and the Definitive Treaty, are all Blessings of the Age we live in.—And all these may be owing, for ought I know, to the Man at *Rome*, and his two Sons. We owe them likewise all our late *Victories* in *Flanders*; and if you please, I will throw you the Blessing of having the two B——rs for our *Primiers* into the Bargain. Ha, ha!—Now that I have mentioned the two B——rs, whom does *Pasquin* wish at the *Helm*, where he says, “Ah! how *unwise* the Alternative, how “*unjust* to with-hold the *Helm* from him “who has Virtues and Abilities to adorn and “steer the Bark of State?”

Char. The Courtiers wou'd insinuate, that he meant the *young Adventurer*; but to me nothing is plainer than that he meant Lord G——e, who had been driven from the *Helm* by the Intrigues of the B——rs. Lord C——d, indeed, is suggested to be the Person intended; but

but that seems to me to be only a Cover to *Pasquin's* Intention. For Lord C——d was never intrusted with the *Helm* as Lord G——e was; besides, how well soever I may be inclined to think of the *witty Peer*, I cannot equal him in Matters of Government to Lord G——e, who wants no Requisite but H——y to qualify him for the first Post of the Kingdom.

Lucy. I love you dearly for drawing Portraits. Your great Man wants nothing but that without which no Man can be great, Ha, ha!

Char. If you won't allow Men to be great without H——y, I fear our *English* Soil will be found extremely barren at present. What think you of the I——b P——r who made so much more glorious and brilliant a Figure lately at *St. Stephens*, than had been made there for some Years?

Lucy. I think that he labours hard for a better *Place* than he has; and when he has got it, I think he will *fall*, and be as little noticed as P——t and L——n. —*Honesty!* with whom does the hunted *Innocence* harbour? Had she remain'd among us, would our M——rs have thought our *Debts*, *Taxes*, and the present *Corruption*, their best Weapons to beggar and enslave the People?

Char. Yes; for without these Weapons, as you call them, the People would be too hard for M——rs: And, as *Pasquin* shrewdly says, “Who can think that the C——t would part with
“ the only *Staves* it leans on.”

Lucy.

Lucy. Tho' I don't suppose the present M——rs will ever agree to the Discharge of our *Debts*, yet I expect to see them discharged.——

Char. By *discharging* themselves, after *Pasquin's* manner. Ha, ha!—that is, by the Nation's becoming Bankrupt.

Lucy. Which must inevitably be our Fate, as our Affairs are managed. Ah, *Charlot!* how gloomy the Prospect for those who have Children to leave behind them!

Char. Lord! how these *Motbers* yearn for Fortunes for their Babes!—But, prithee dear *Lucy*, why are you more anxious about *Posterity* than my Lord ——

Lucy. Or all the L——ds and C——rs in the Nation, who seem to have an Eye to the present only.——My dear *Charlot*, is it not melancholy to reflect on the Degeneracy of our *Mates*?

Char. And are our *Females* less degenerated, who, by their *Luxury* and *Profuseness*, oblige their Husbands to bend to the C——t for *Posts* and *Pensions*, in order to support their Extravagance?

Lucy. Bless us, *Charlot!* what would you have us poor Wives do; spin, and card, and stay in the Country all the Year, like our *Gran-nuns*? Ha, ha!

Char. I wish our Women were like our *Gran-nuns*, as you stile our Mothers.——

Lucy.

Lucy. Rather wish our Men were like our *Fathers*, who bravely and virtuously defended the Constitution against the Wiles of C——ts, and Oppression of Ministers; Men who equally scorn'd to get into P——t by B——y, and to be b——d when there.——But alas! to use the Words of *Pasquin*, our poor Old *England*, of late, has had a *Connection* with *Terra Firma*, which, our Chaplain says, implies the *Continent*.

Char. Yes, *Lucy*; that *Connection* has influenced all our Measures.——But might not our *Fathers*, whom you so highly recommend for Patterns of Example, have foreseen that *Connexion*?——Indeed, my Dear I begin to be of *Pasquin's* Opinion, *That we, English, are mere Beetles, and see no more into Futurity than the Statuary into the Marble Block he works on.*

Lucy. My Dear, the Fault lies not so much in the Understanding as *Heart*, which is *corrupt*: Think you that our late *Patriots* do not see that their *Co-operation* with the two B——rs, in all their wild Measures of *War* and *Peace*, is drawing Destruction on their Country?

Char. Country! God help thee! who have you known to have had any Bowels for her of late?——Even C——d, *Pasquin's* Favourite and Patron, has none, or he wou'd exert those Talents he is bless'd with, in healing her Wounds, restoring her Health, and in bringing those Empiricks to *Shame*, that had brought her to her present languishing Condition.

Lucy,

Lucy. Bring *English* M——rs to Shame! Ha, ha!—Do you forget how they refused a good and honourable Peace at *Hannau*, about five Years ago, and concluded the *Definitive Treaty* in the last?

Char. That Affair of *Hannau* is more mysterious than the World imagines. *Pasquin*, and indeed most Men, till lately, imputed the Mis-carriage of that Negociation to Lord G——e, then C——t, who was thought to wish for the Continuance of the War, as well to fix and perpetuate his own Influence, as to gratify the *Desires* of his M——r. But since the Publication of *the Conduct of the two B——rs*, the whole Blame seems to be shifted to *them* from the former Minister; tho', for my own Part, I can't well understand how the B——rs, who were but Part of the Regency here at Home, could influence the Negotiation of *Hannau*, against the Opinion of their M——r, and his M——r, who, at that time, was suppos'd to ingross the r——l *Heart*, as surely as he was known to have been in Possession of the *Ear*.

Lucy. Here the B——rs lie under a Dilemma: If they had no Share in the Obstruction of Peace at *Hannau*, they are so far to be pitied, that they can only exonerate themselves of the Charge brought against them, by laying the Blame where *they dare not*.——

Char. I can't directly charge the Misconduct at *Hannau* to the B——rs; but sure I am, that the Misconduct of the *War* ever since, is either chargeable to them or to ——

Lucy.

Lucy. *Some-body*, whom it may be as unsafe to name as the *Some-body* at *Hannau*.—If you'll believe the *Conduct* of the *B——rs*, that *Some-body* was purposely put at the Head of the *A—y* to shut up the Mouths of Complainers.—Are not these same Brothers plaguy cunning Fellows, that could have thus early taken their Measures for silencing their Enemies?

Char. Nay, if we may believe that *Book*, they are the greatest *M——rs* we have had since the Conquest.—

Lucy. And the greatest *R——s*.

Char. That I deny.

Lucy. Who, pray, are bigger?

Char. The mask'd *Patriots*, who oppose to make the better *Bargain* with the *C——t*.

Lucy. Ah! poor *English Lion*! how altered is the generous Creature since the *white Palfrey* has directed his Conduct.

Char. You wrong the *Palfrey*; you wrong the *Lion*. The Latter is alter'd, and much for the worse; but lay not the Blame to the *white Steed*, who legally had no Share in the Conduct of his Affairs. To speak, without what the Scholars call Figure, *H——r* is not so much in Fault as *Englishmen*. If *England* have lost her Influence and her Trade; if she be become luxurious and corrupt, immoral and irreligious; if she be o'er-burden'd with Debts and Taxes; if she be on the Verge of Despair and Ruin, who are to blame but her own unnatural Sons?

Lucy.

Lucy. Her *Esaus*,—her *Beetles*,—her sycophant M——rs, who to acquire Power, and the Confidence of *Some body*, have brought their poor Country to the wretched Plight she is in. Ah, *Charlot!* those *Purposes ministerial*, between which and *Purposes national*, *Pasquin* says our M——rs distinguish with great Subtilty, are like to undoe us as effectually as the *Virtues* of *Cæsar* are said to have undone old *Rome*.

Char. There would be some Glory in falling by such Hands as *Cæsar's*.——

Lucy. As there would be to be torn in Pieces by *Lions*; but to be worried by *Rats*——

Char. By *H——r Rats*, would put the Blood of an *English Wife* in motion. Ha, ha!

Lucy. Had we *English Wives* any Remains of that virtuous Spirit, for which our Mothers were distinguished, our Husbands dare not go that Length in *Servility* to M——rs, which have brought all our *Evils* upon us.

Char. I have ever heard that *Mistresses* had power with Men; but for Wives——

Lucy. You think they have none. One, indeed, might be apt to think so, from the Inattention of modern Husbands to Posterity. But, my Dear, the Fault, in a great Measure, lies on our Side: When a Wife makes it her Study to sooth and please her Husband, and confines her further Attention to the Care of her Children and Family, she can never fail to secure his Approbation at least, if not his Heart.

Char.

Char. And tho' she should, is she sure he won't accept of a *Place* or *Pension*, a *Ribband*, a *Title*, or a *Dinner*, and a Bellyfull of *Claret* and *Champaign*? Many *Votes* have been barter'd away for Wine and Venison.—But, dear *Lucy*, how can you talk of the Power of good Wives, that have so little yourself, tho' possess'd of more good Qualities than most of your Sex?

Lucy. Flattery from a Friend, from you, my dear *Charlot*, it was unlook'd for and unkind.—But to solve your Question, my Lord, you know, is not the wisest of his Sex:—

Char. As much as to say, that a Wife, let her be never so good, cannot transmute a F—l to a Philosopher. Ha, ha!

Lucy. Nor a *luxurious, corrupt Nation*, to *Patriots* and *true Englishmen*.

Char. But tho' our *English Wives* may not be able to bring their *Husbands* to a Sense of their *true Interest*, yet, if we may take *Pasquin's* Word, *Necessity will do it*. “*Necessity*, he says, “will wear off the mistaken Rancour of the “*Heart*, will blunt the Edge of their *Prejudice*, “unseal the Eye of *Reason*, and work that Cure “which they are so averse to, yet so much stand “in Need of.”

Lucy. Never was Nation nearer the Brink of Ruin than we are; and never was a faithfuller Glas held out than that which *Pasquin* has exhibited.—Yet, dear *Charlot*, what signifies Expostulation to a People sunk in Corruption?—

Char. No more than to a Husband sunk in Vice.—

Lucy. See where he comes.—Let us change the Subject.

P I N I S.